



CLAREMONT · LARROCA · GURU-eFX

MARVEL 5

X-TREME X-MEN

The X-Treme X-Men have come to Chicago to help their teammate Kitty Pryde, who had discovered that an adversary she thought long dead -- the legendary ninja-assassin, Ogun -- still lives. With his psychic form seeking a new physical host, he can possess anyone to continue his battle against his enemies.

Unfortunately, Ogun isn't the only threat they face. A band of non-mutant super-beings known as Galérer, allied with the anti-mutant collective known as Purity, threaten to annihilate mutantkind. Among their number -- Alice Tremaine and the mini-Sentinel she resurrected, Scrap. The X-Team split up to try to protect the innocent citizens (including a pair of sisters Rogue and Gambit have taken under their wing) and disarm the threats.

To fulfill his own plan of vengeance, Ogun seized control of Galérer's strongman, Beast-Brute, using his powers to defeat Rachel Summers, the young Phoenix. Rachel's power was absorbed by Scrap, who neutralized the enhanced abilities of every mutant in the city! This included Kitty Pryde, who at that moment was phased through a boulder and her friends thought died! Kitty lives -- for now -- but will she be able to hold herself together long enough to rally the X-Treme X-Men to survive without their powers?



'RO --
STORM --
their leader



BISHOP



**REMY
LeBEAU** --
GAMBIT



ROGUE



SAGE



**KATHERINE
"KITTY" PRYDE** --
SHADOWCAT



**RACHEL
SUMMERS** --
Kitty's best friend



LOCKHEED --
her very best
(dragon) friend



LOGAN --
WOLVERINE



OGUN --
the villain, their
adversary

"HOLD THE LINE!"

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X-MEN CREATED BY
STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Just outside the Belles of Hell.

It's been a harsh day--

--mainly thanks to the mini-Sentinel known as **Scrap**, and the powers "he's" stolen from all of Chicago's mutants, especially **Rachel Summers**--young **Phoenix**--

--that looks like it's about to get significantly worse.

Hold the line, people.

We're the only thing standing between that mob and a **massacre**.

Your words make *sense*, **Bishop**.

But are they the right words?

If you've got a better idea, **Sage**...

...now's the time.

Genejokes are **evil**!

Mutants are **monsters**!

We are **Purity**!

We stand for **humanity**.

Our world!

Our lives!

Our future.



⊗ KITTY PRYDE:



Worry about the "why" later, genius.

One slip and I could fracture beyond any ability to reincorporate myself.



Now for the next step--

--walking on air!

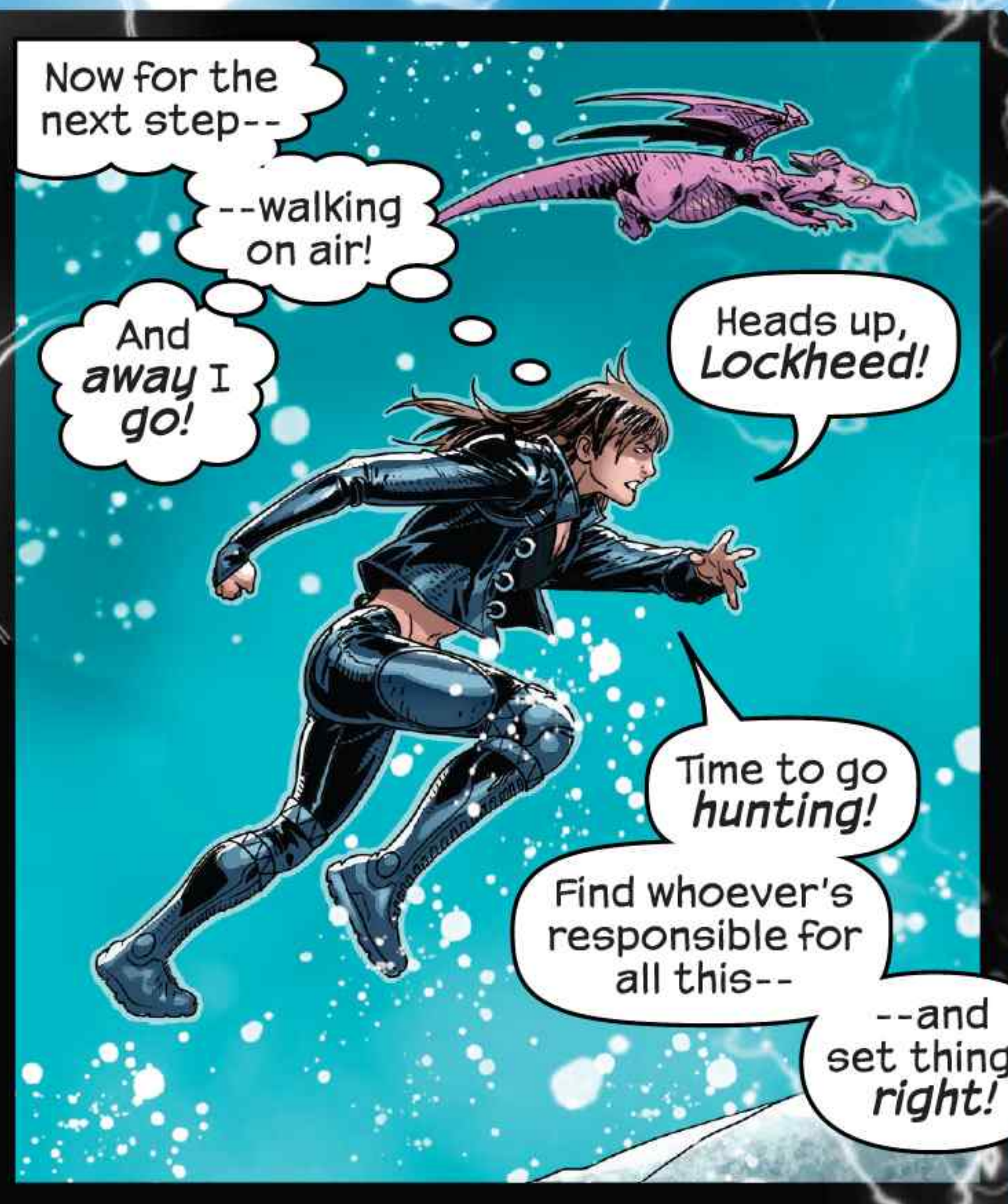
And *away* I go!

Heads up, *Lockheed*!

Time to go *hunting*!

Find whoever's responsible for all this--

--and set things *right*!



⊗ 'RO, BIG SIS, L'L SIS.

Where are you leading me?

Like we told you, friends have been vanishing downtown--

--mostly in the vicinity of *the tower*.



⊗ LUCAS BISHOP & SAGE.

'Ro, are you okay?

This is the fastest way.

I am not... *comfortable* underground.

Because as a child, I was buried alive.

Do not worry about me. Where you lead...

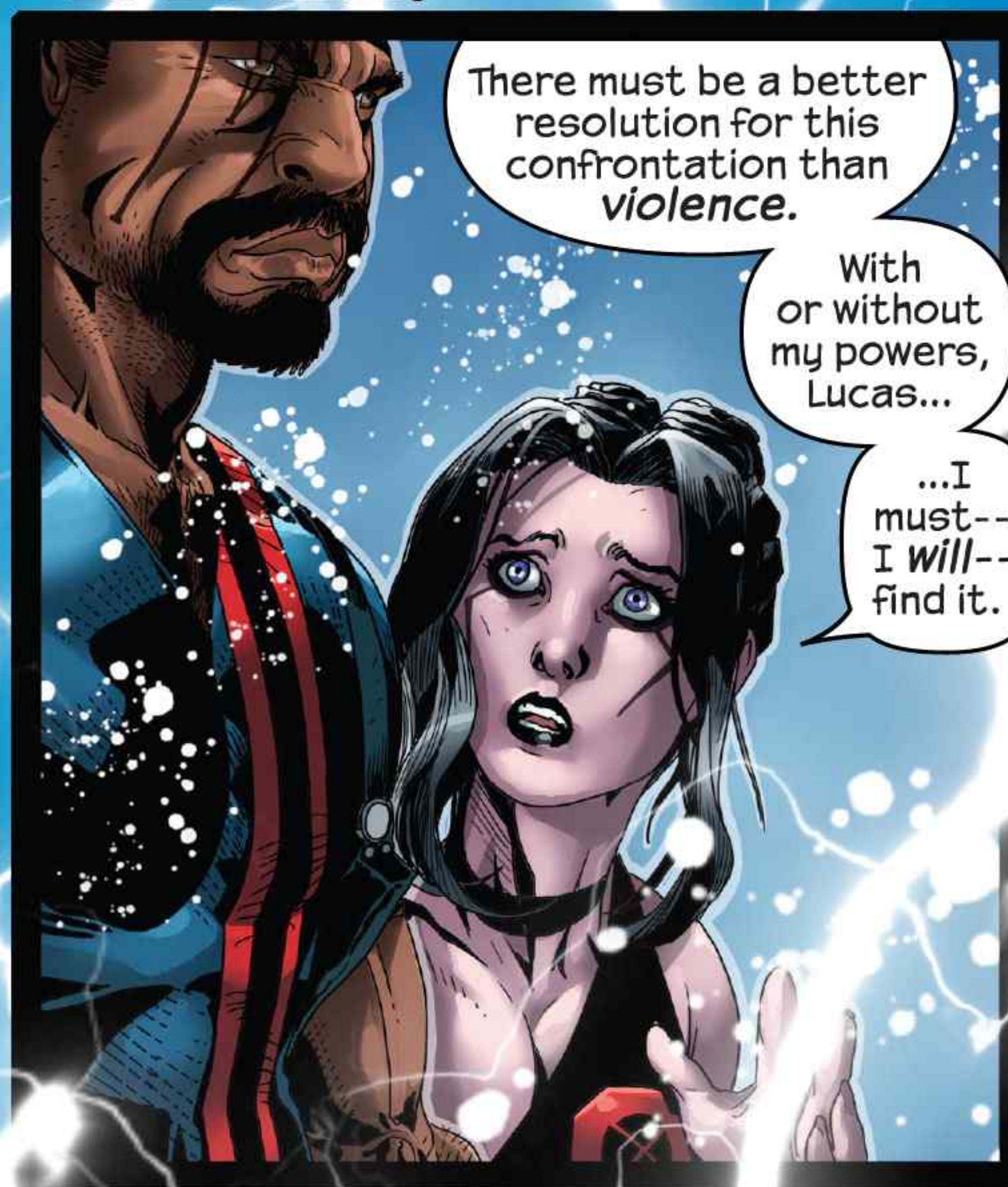
...I will follow.



There must be a better resolution for this confrontation than *violence*.

With or without my powers, Lucas...

...I must-- I *will*-- find it.



⊗ **LOGAN & OGUN--**
 deep within Washington Park...

Too slow,
 "Wolverine."

Your
 adamantium
 bones and
 claws are a
 weight...

...your now-
 human body
 can no longer
 bear!

⊗ **SANZU & SOULSCREAM.**

Our
 task is simple,
 Soulscream.

We find the
 X-team--

--And
 I *kill* them
 all!

That
 will be my
 pleasure!

⊗ **ROGUE & REMY.**

Remy, ah need you t'
 cover 'Ro's back...

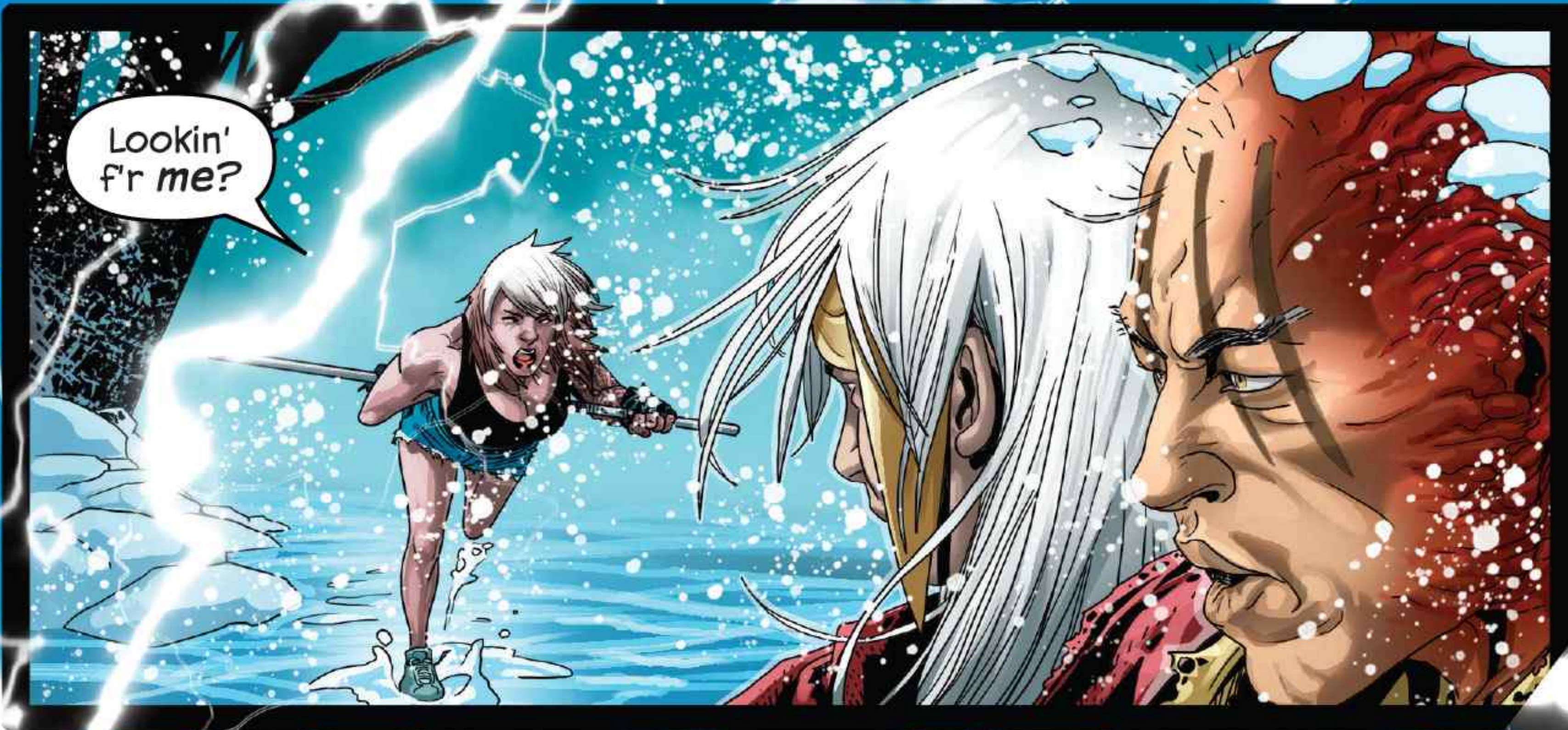
...help
 her deal with
 whoever she's
 huntin'.

You
 boss now,
 sugar?

Ah dragged
 you back from
 the Gates of Heaven
 for a reason,
 Gambit.*

Time
 t' prove ah
 did the right
 thing.

Leave
 Gal  rer
 t' me.





"Old Man."

<That appellation defines you well, Logan.>*

<You are no match for this creature I possess.>

<And even less for me.>

<I will first cripple you...>

<...then make you watch as I slaughter your friends-->

<--saving the very best, my former protégée, for last.>

*Translated from Japanese.



Heard that threat more times'n I care t' remember, bub.

<But then again, Ogun, you always did talk too much.>



<You see me as a beast.>

<And that is true.>

<But only to a point.>



<At heart and soul, I am a warrior.>

<And when someone threatens those a warrior loves...>

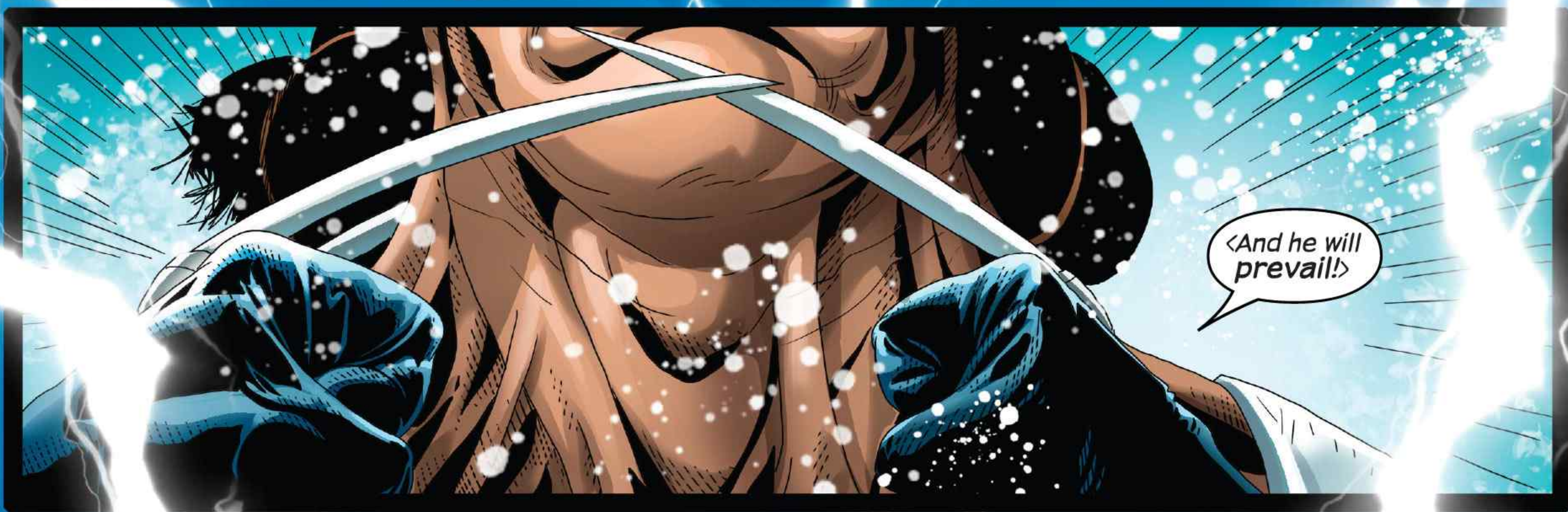


<...that warrior-- be he Ronin, be he Rojīn**-->

<--will fight to the end and beyond to save them.>

**Old man.

SNIK



<And he will prevail!>



Sage,
what're you
doing?

What *Charles
Xavier* taught me
when we first met,
Bishop--

--to
try a *better*
way.



I am
Sage!



Good
hit--

--but
I must
ask:

Why do
you hate me?
Hate *us*? Why are we
enemies? Because
I was born a
mutant?

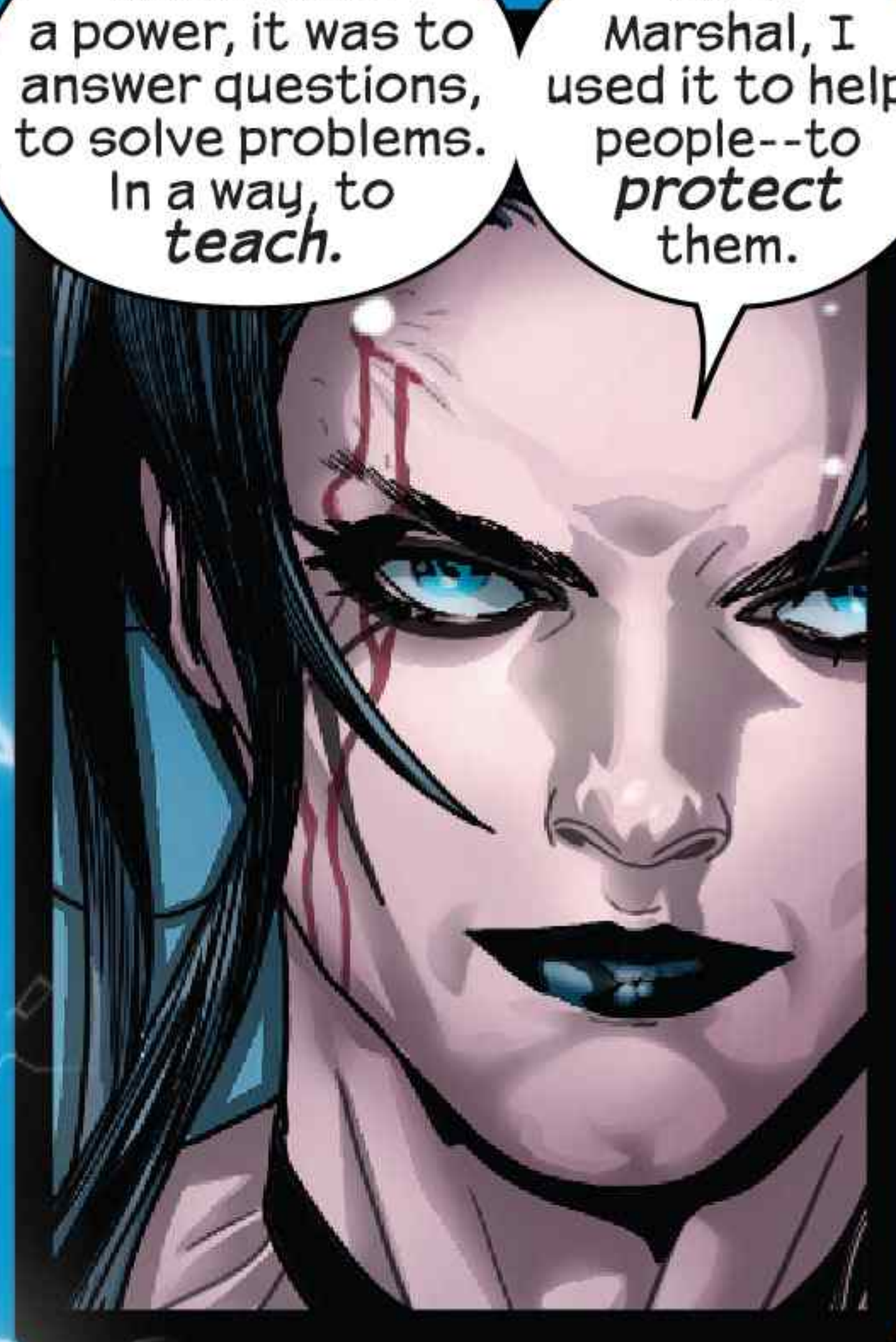
When I had
a power, it was to
answer questions,
to solve problems.
In a way, to
teach.

As a
Marshal, I
used it to help
people--to
protect
them.

There's
another here,
a member of
the Coast
Guard.

She used
her power
to help save
lives.

A fire
lieutenant who
did the same--by
absorbing
flames.



Yes, our abilities made us different--so what? Is that *bad*?

Think a moment about what you do here. And especially about the consequences.

What will you tell the family that burns: Sorry, but the person who could help save you--*would* help, no matter the risk to their own life--is to us a *monster*?

What will you tell the child--perhaps, *your* child: Your genes condemn you?

Once you start down this path, where will it end?

Is this the world--is this the legacy--you want for your descendants?

It's *easy* to hate the "other."

The "other" is *scary*.

The "other" represents the unknown.

The "other" is someone, something, to be *afraid* of.

But the "other"--like it or not--

--can also be the face looking *back* at you...

...from the *reflection* in the mirror.

Making a fist is easy.

Especially for a cause you believe is *just*.

And afterwards...

...you'll have to live with the consequences--and the memories.

I challenge you to try something *better*...

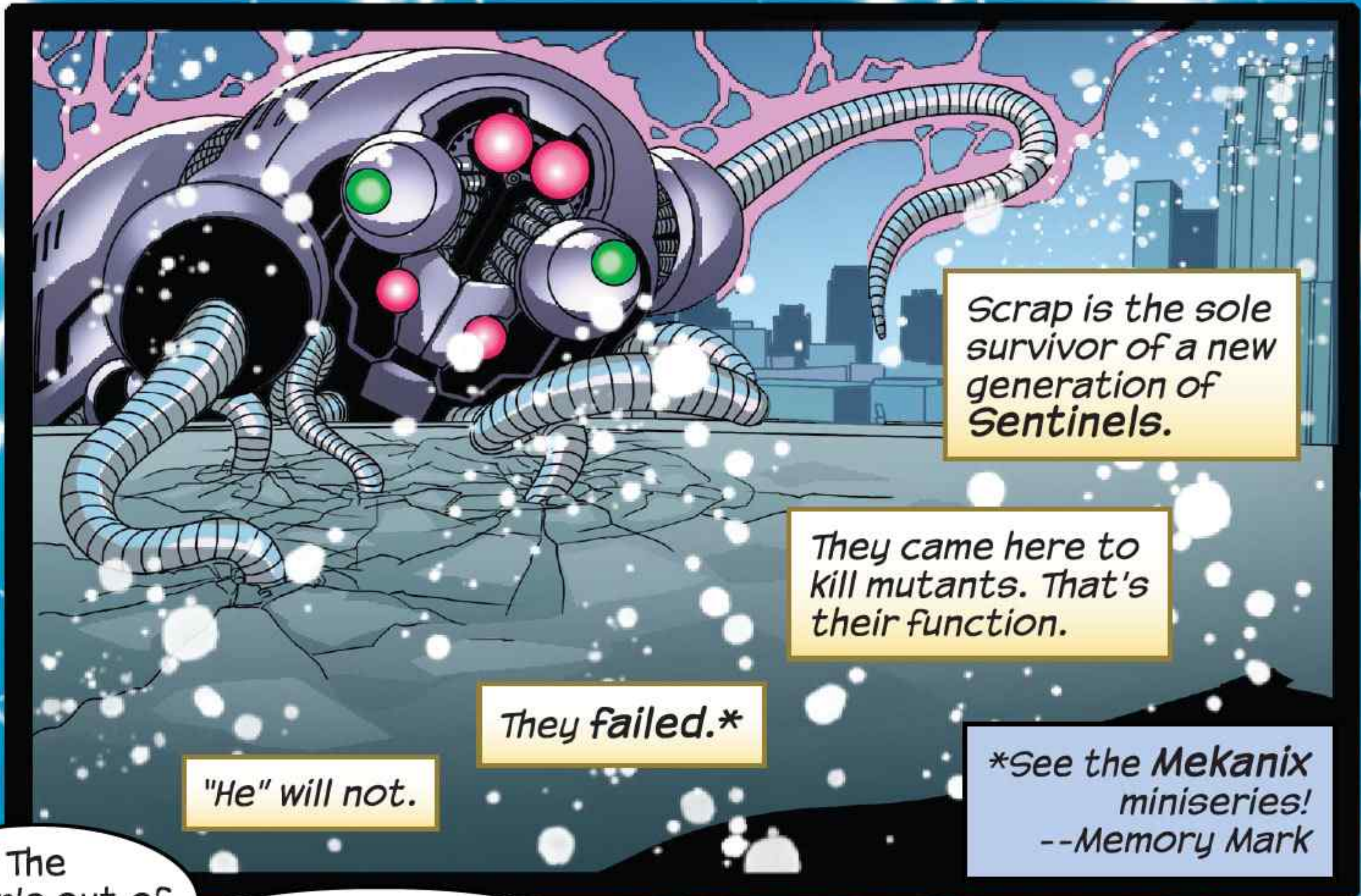
...for this moment and all that are yet to come--

--for the sake of this generation and all those yet to be.

I say, try holding out a hand in *friendship*.



Seven miles north of the U of C campus stands one of the tallest buildings in the world.



Scrap is the sole survivor of a new generation of Sentinels.

They came here to kill mutants. That's their function.

They failed.*

"He" will not.

*See the *Mekanix* miniseries! --Memory Mark

The storm's out of control.

Consider this the *eye* of the hurricane created by my *stolen* powers, Big Sis.

That creature is responsible.

So we're gonna kill it, yah?



That fight, that responsibility, is *mine*.

Your job now is to *survive*.

And as much as you can, help *others* do the same.



Logan gave me this blade long ago.

He said it was as formidable as his own adamantium claws.

Goddess grant he is right.

Got you!



INTRUDER IDENTIFIED AS KNOWN MUTANT

PERSONAL NOMENCLATURE: **STORM**

ENHANCED ABILITIES NONEXISTENT

THREAT EASILY NEUTRALIZED



Smart move, dragon, riding the storm winds--
--right to their source.

Looks like we didn't get all those little Sentinels from the last time we tangled.

Better finish the job before--

--oh no!



Gotcha!

Kitty-- you are alive!



Like the saying goes, boss: We X-folk are *hard* to kill.

Miss me?

Never-- ever--do anything like this to me again!



Katherine, our legs--they have merged!

Sorry about that.

You are *intangible*?

My *natural* state, remember?



"I guess the zap that made you all powerless humans...

"...made me a living *ghost*.

"Tangible by force of will but less and *less* so every time.

"We don't fix things--*soon*-- I'll be gone for *good*!"



Which gives me a wicked idea--
--if you're up for the *risk*.

To end this, I will try *anything*.



Take a deep breath, boss.

As long as I hold us together, I can make us *both* intangible.



You got your *Logan* knife.

I got mine.

Time to follow the Old Man's lead--

--an' do some *damage*!

ROAR!



Lockheed'll grab the Sentinel's attention.

Everyone thinks he's so cute.

They never think anymore about how *powerful* he truly is.



I'm so *sorry*, Li'l Sis.

I tried to keep you safe!

SLAM



Leave that t' me, Big Sis.

Remy!

Stay behind this door, it'll block th' flames.



Meanwhile, we dive in right under its personal radar--

--and *merge*!

Three figures become one.

The two intangible women slash away with all their strength.

Damage to Scrap's physical form is minimal.

But the effect on "his" micro-molecular computer infrastructure from Kitty's phasing is devastating.

"His" control lost over the stolen mutant energies...

...Scrap is unable to prevent them from reverting back to the mutants from whom they were taken.

That includes "his" adversaries on the rooftop.

Ouch!

My landing-- I felt the impact-- it *hurts!*

Our gamble worked!

We're back to normal!

Which is a good thing--

--but not just for you.

Oh no!

Did you think I had forgotten you, disciple?

Logan did not--
could not--kill me.

All he could do was drive me from my previous host.

The irony here is that your merger with this automaton has left sufficient living genetic material within its form...



...to allow it to function as my host.



And once we merge and become *one*--

--to achieve my ultimate *revenge*.



That's not gonna happen!

I won't let you hurt 'Ro.

I won't let you hurt *anyone*--ever again!



Because right then, back in Washington Park...



You and your leader are both still too disoriented, too weak, to stop me.

Perhaps I will use you *both* to help me achieve my vengeance.







You think yourself a match for me, Ogun--

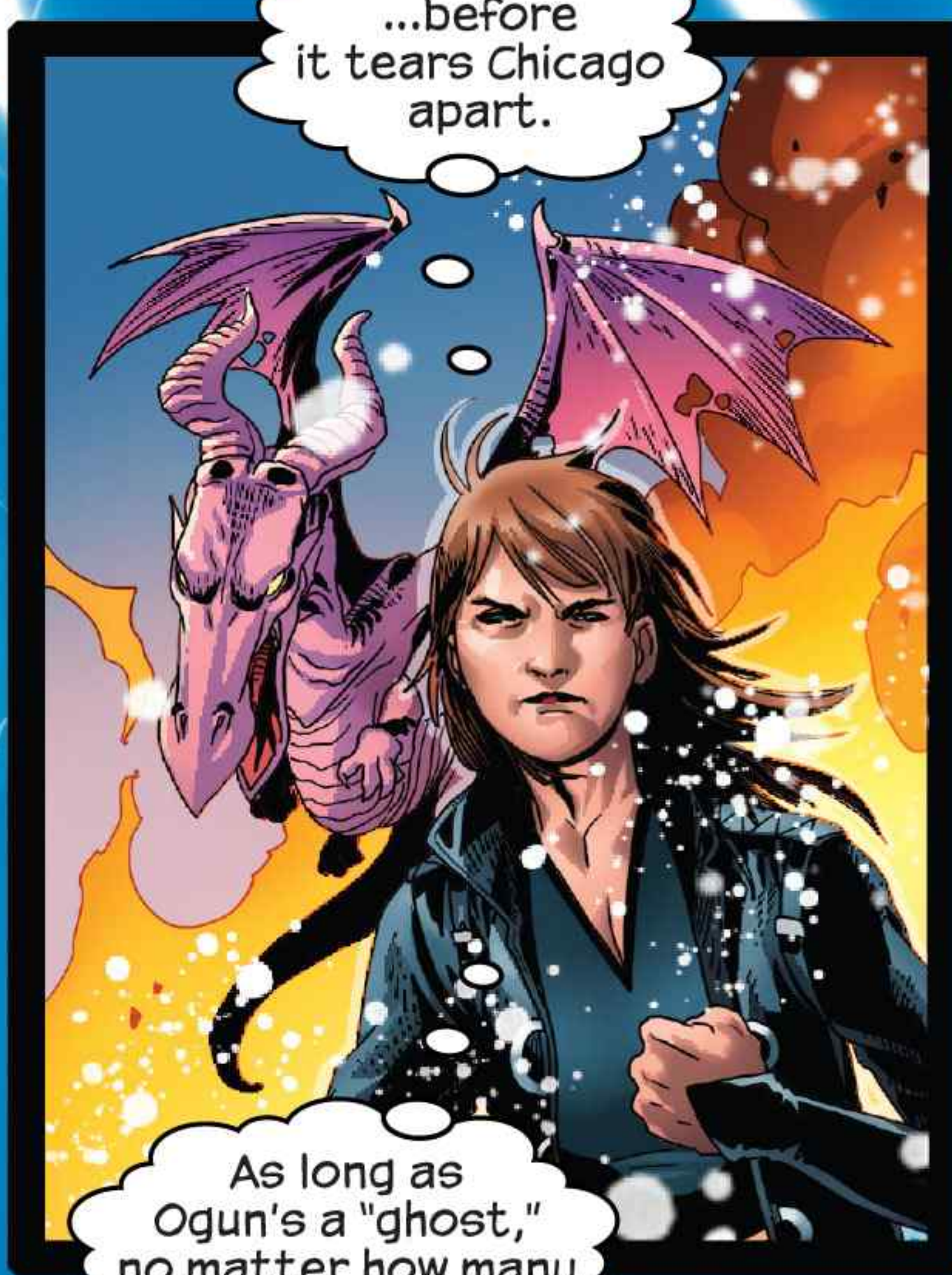


--for us?
Prove it.

He's a match for us and *more*, 'Ro, and he knows it.

Especially since you've got to focus on the blizzard...

...before it tears Chicago apart.



As long as Ogun's a "ghost," no matter how many times we nail his host...

...he'll just slip away.



Shame on you.

ROAR!



Oh ye of little faith.

Oh yeah, oh *yeah*, oh *yeah*!



Remember me?

You tried to take my *soul*.

You violated my most private thoughts.

You stole my most treasured secrets.

You tried to make me your toy.

I can actually live with that.

You're not the first.





But you tried to take *Kitty's* soul as well.



Stop it, please, I yield!



That takes things to a whole new level of *personal*.

And all Kitty's friends will watch it happen through my telepathic eyes.



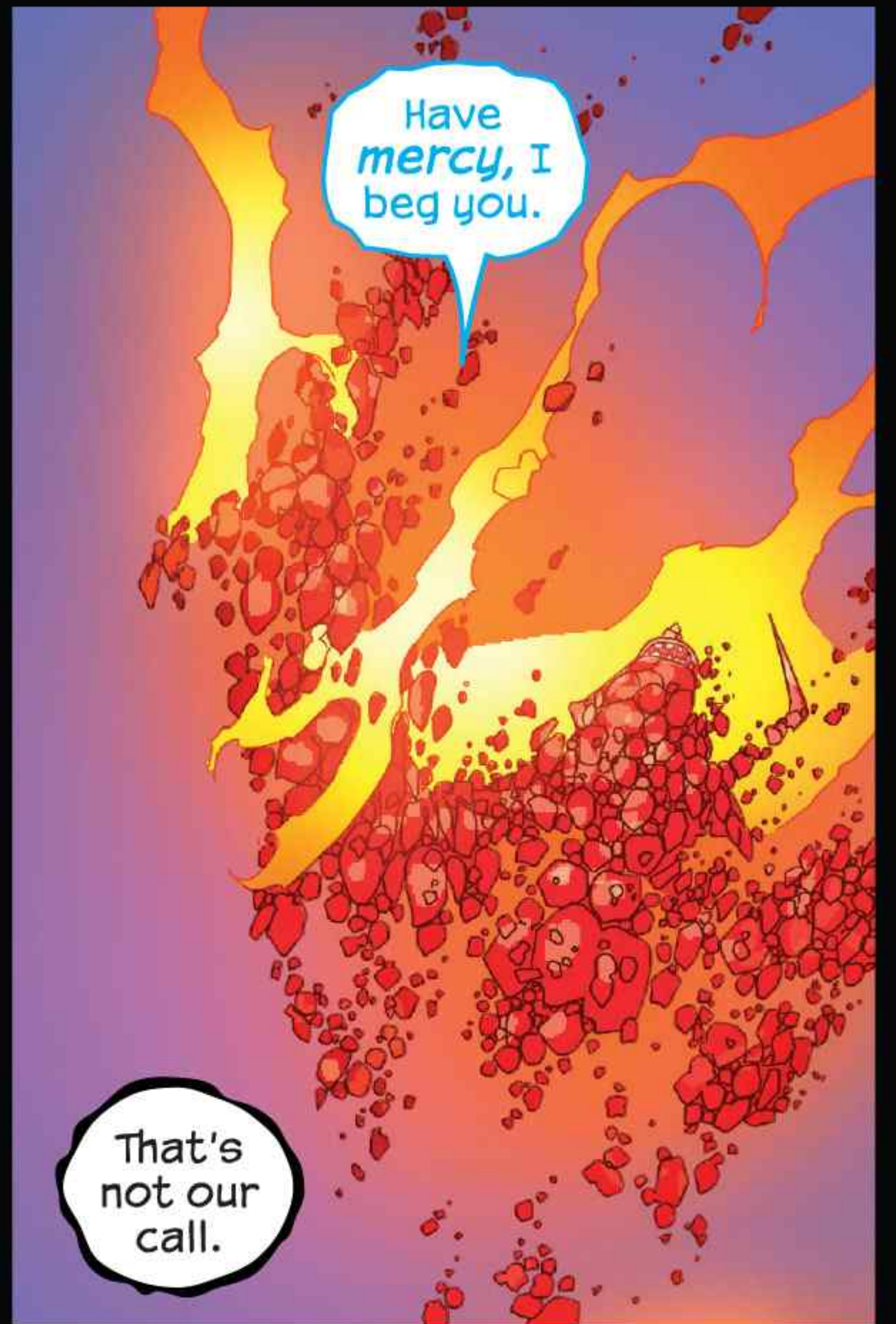
You are *destroying* me.



I'm doing way, *way* more.

I'm *expunging* every fabric of your being from existence.

Good.



Have *mercy*, I beg you.

That's not our call.



There's only *one* here who can save you.

Protégée, I beg you.

Mercy!



No.





The storm is over.

Now to help those worst affected by its ferocity.



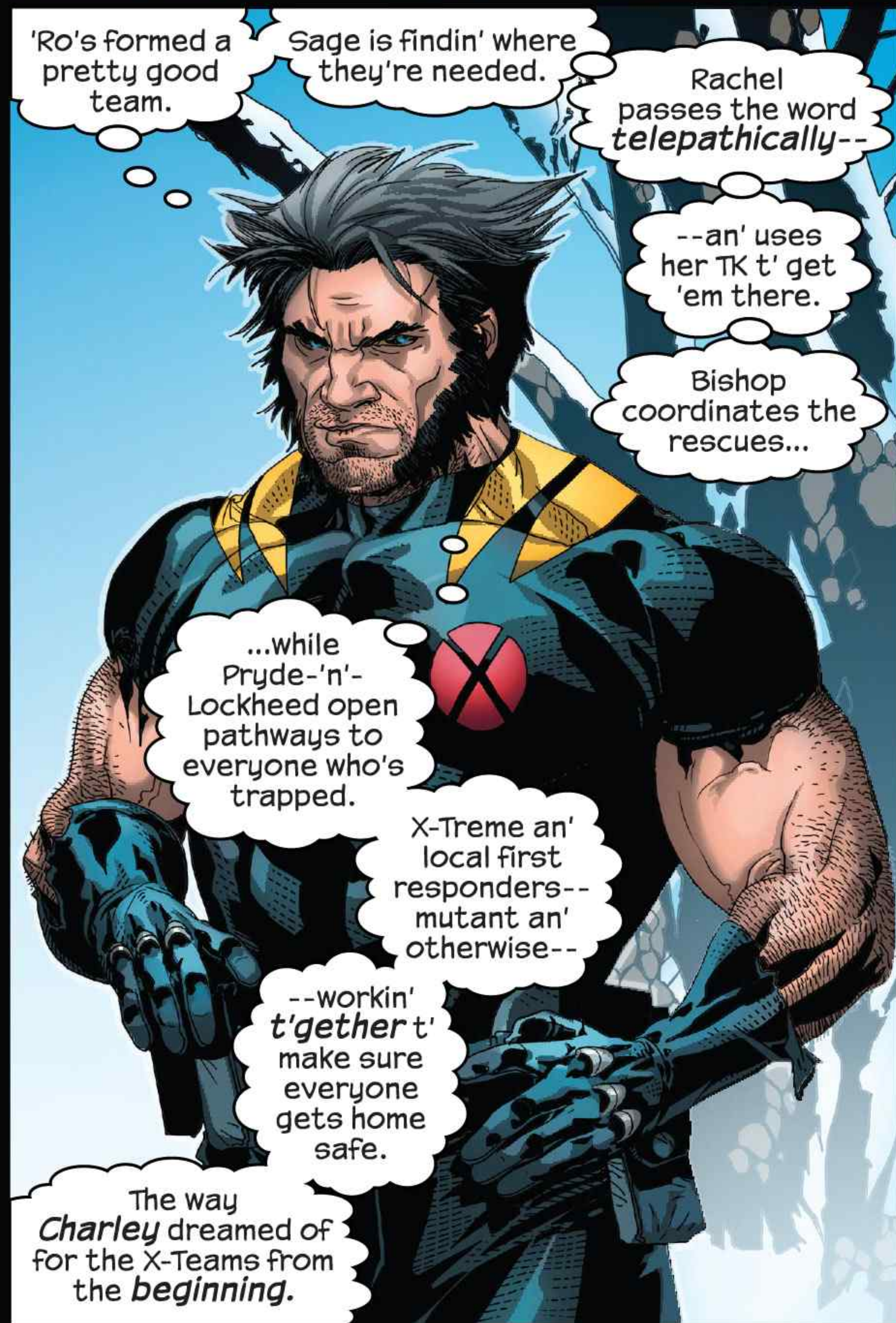
Neat trick 'Ro has.

Usin' her wind t' scoop the snow off the streets an' blow it away.

Jus' showin' off, is all.

Bless mah soul, Remy, you actually sound *jealous!*

Can't hear you, girl. Ah'm workin' here.



'Ro's formed a pretty good team.

Sage is findin' where they're needed.

Rachel passes the word *telepathically--*

--an' uses her TK t' get 'em there.

Bishop coordinates the rescues...

...while Pryde-'n'-Lockheed open pathways to everyone who's trapped.

X-Treme an' local first responders--mutant an' otherwise--

--workin' t'gether t' make sure everyone gets home safe.

The way *Charley* dreamed of for the X-Teams from the *beginning*.

*The next day is beautiful.
The sky is clear, the sun
is shining.*

*Chicagoans young and old
have chosen to set aside
yesterday's conflicts...*

*...in favor of
enjoying the
blizzard's
aftermath.*



*At the same time, back at the
Belles of Hell, those who helped
bring that threat to its end...*



*...are having
a celebration
of their own.*



I just want to thank you, Sage.

Without your *help*...

That's what we do, Lieutenant.

Help people. Save lives. Occasionally, the *world*.



So easily said, my friend.

But part of me so wanted to go... *berserk*.

Point is, you *didn't*.

They didn't.

Like it or not, you talked us *all* into a *happy ending*.



I thought I had *lost* you, Kitten.

Haven't called me *that* in a while.

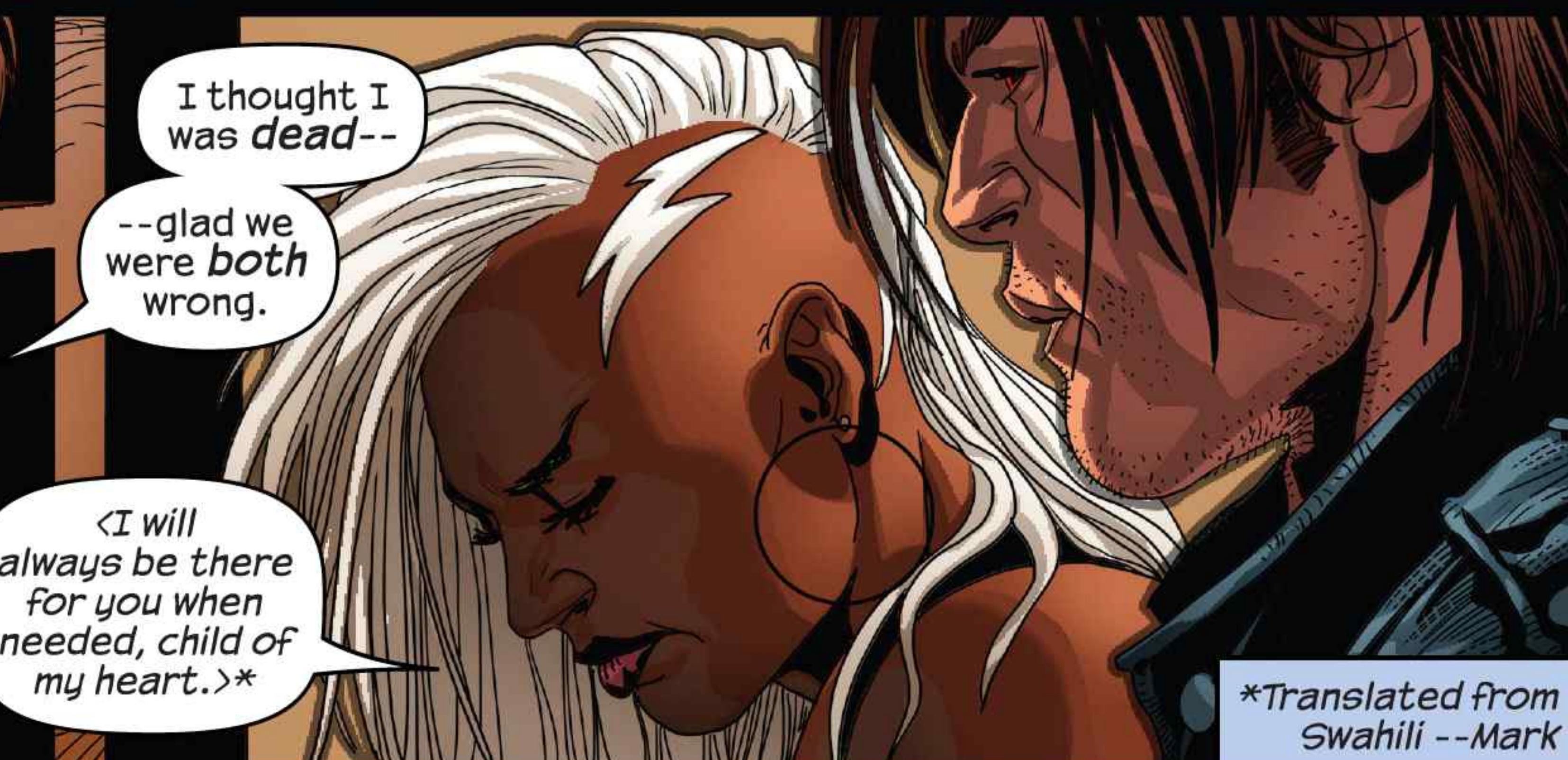
I have never known such... *grief*.



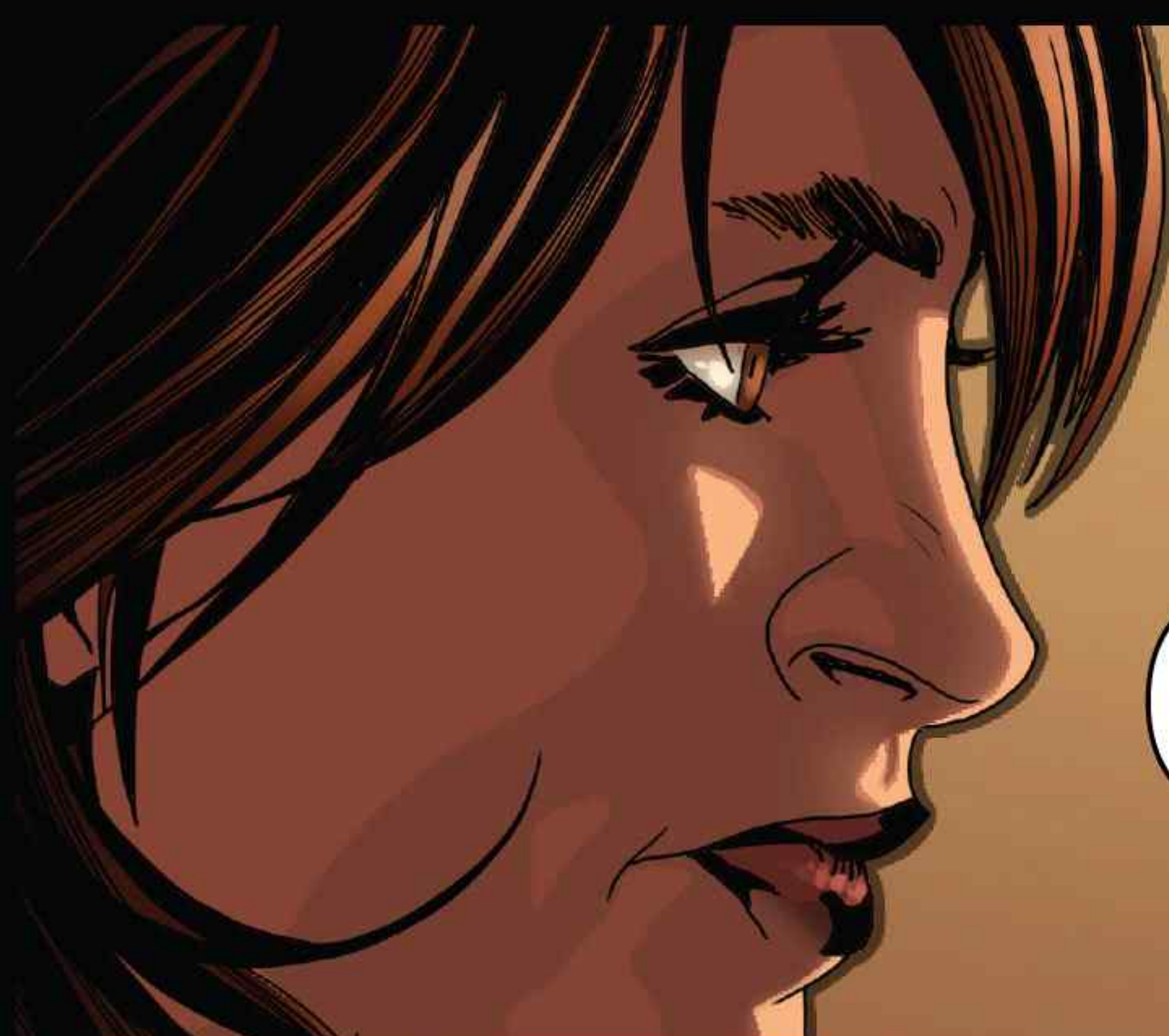
I thought I was *dead*--

--glad we were *both* wrong.

<I will always be there for you when needed, child of my heart.>*



*Translated from Swahili --Mark



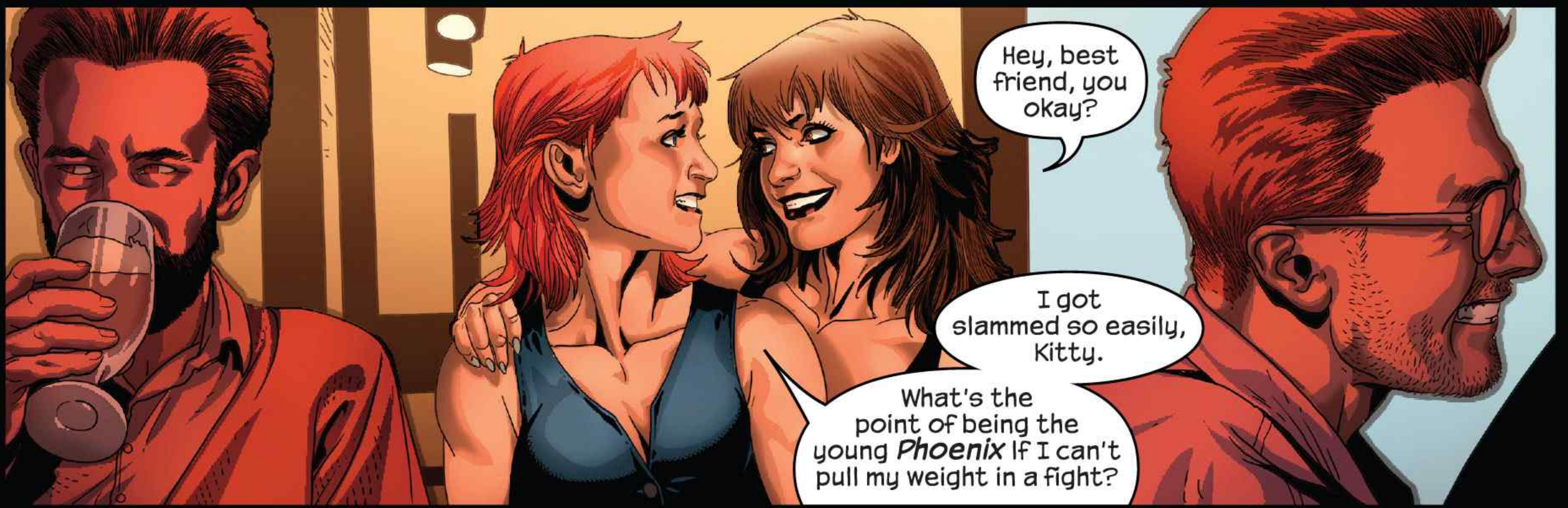
<Same from me in return, blessed mother of my soul.>

<Y'all know ah've learned t' speak Swahili, yah?>



Ain't *no* secrets a thief like me can't find a way t' steal.

But right now, li'l Cat, ah'm thinkin' yo' friend, Rachel, she be needin' you' attention somethin' serious.



Hey, best friend, you okay?

I got slammed so easily, Kitty.

What's the point of being the young *Phoenix* if I can't pull my weight in a fight?

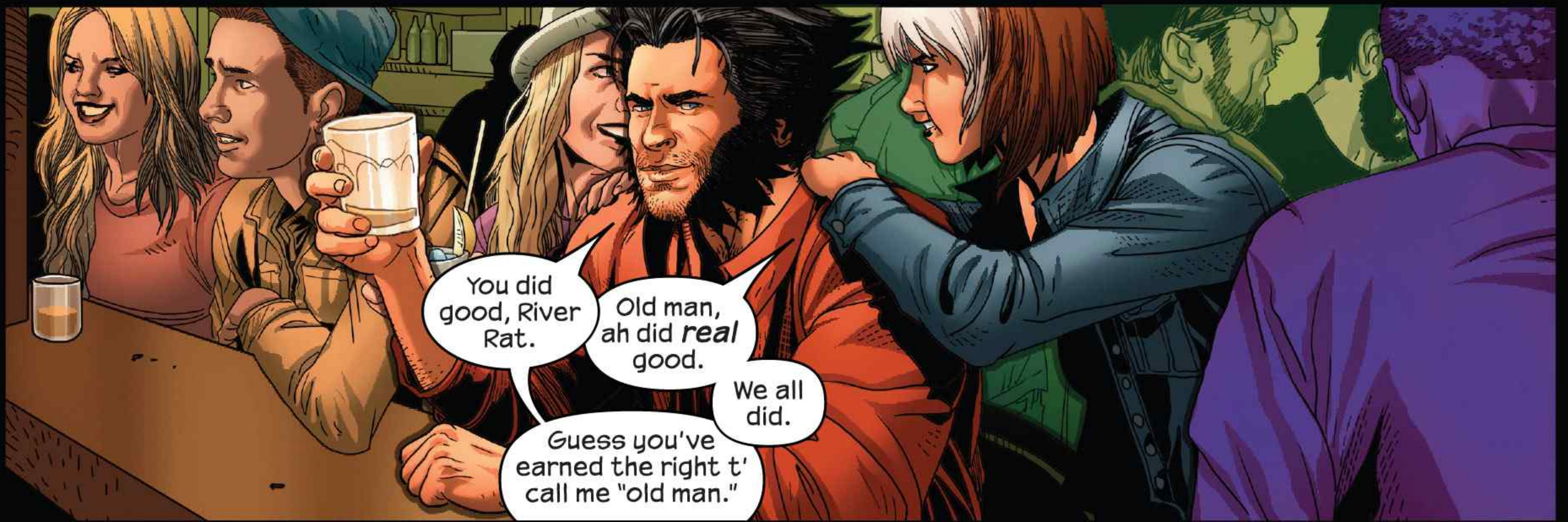


First time I faced *Magneto*, he almost *killed* me.

We *all* have to learn our craft, Red-- usually the hard way.

Thought I already had.

Trust one who knows--you've barely started.



You did good, River Rat.

Old man, ah did *real* good.

We all did.

Guess you've earned the right t' call me "old man."



Jus' don't do it too often.

Or what?

Sigh

Old man.

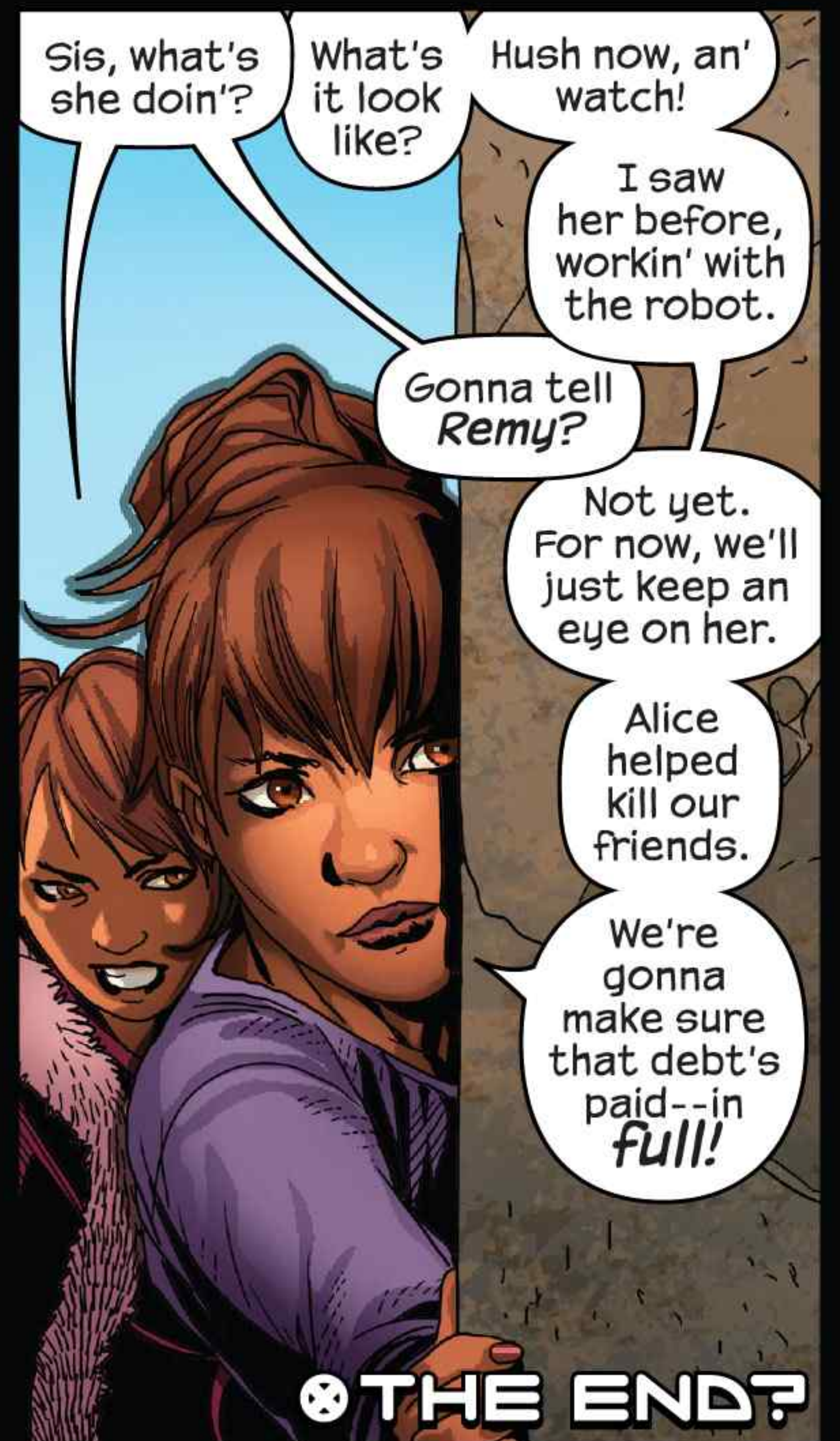
Sigh



Gotta move fast--collect all of Scrap's remains before authorities secure the roof.

I rebuilt you once, Sentinel.

This time, I'll do *better*.



Sis, what's she doin'?

What's it look like?

Hush now, an' watch!

I saw her before, workin' with the robot.

Gonna tell *Remy*?

Not yet. For now, we'll just keep an eye on her.

Alice helped kill our friends.

We're gonna make sure that debt's paid--in *full*!

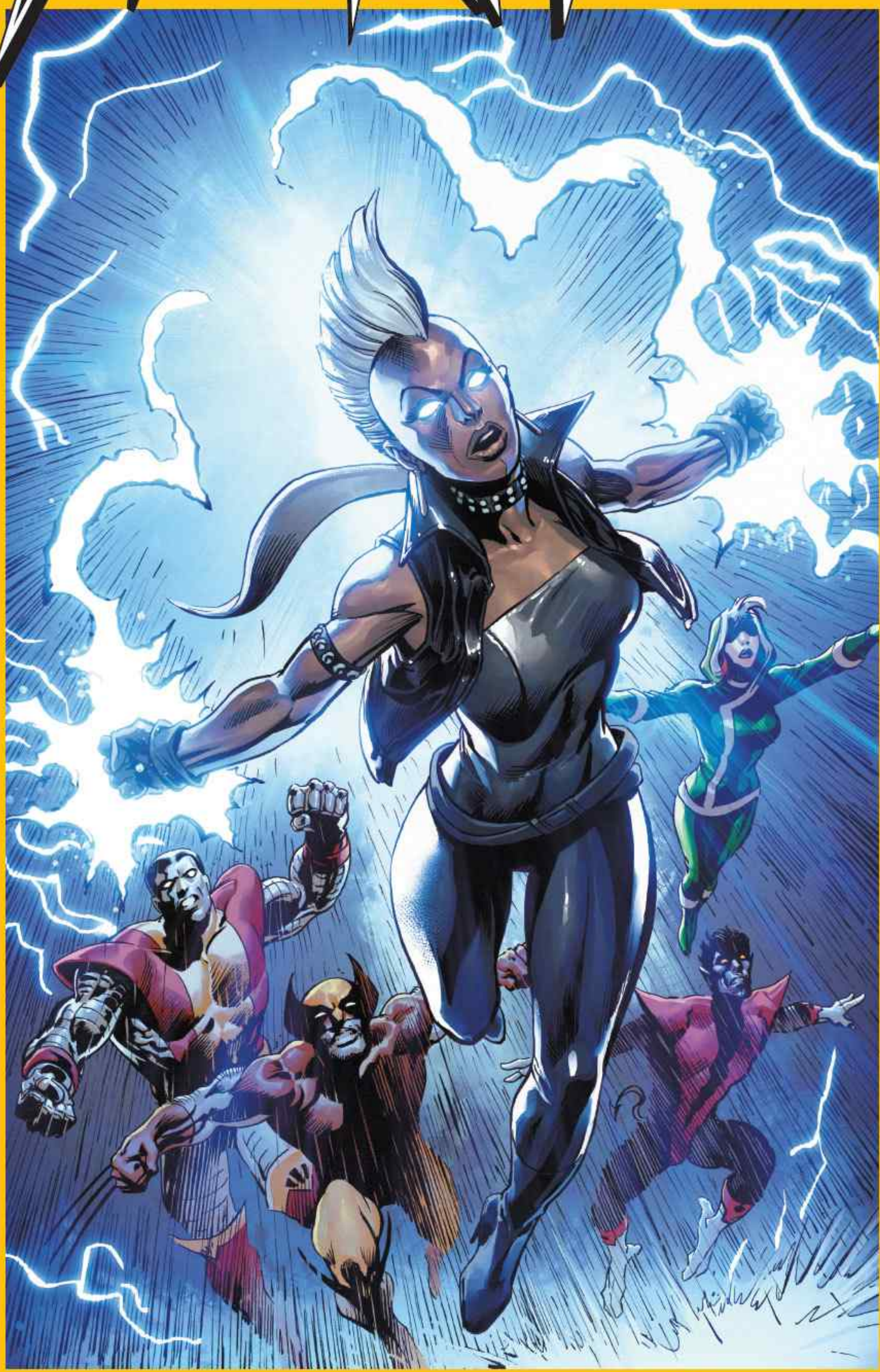
⊙ THE END?

NEXT:

We hope you enjoyed returning with us to the days of X-TREME X-MEN! While the X-TREME story has reached its conclusion for now, keep an eye out for these upcoming X-titles, set during fan-favorite moments in continuity! And fear not -- Chris Claremont's next X-citing X-title is already well underway, and we look forward to sharing details on that SECRET PROJECT soon!

-- Mark Basso

STORM #1



Cover by ALAN DAVIS & ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ

By Ann Nocenti, Sid Kotian, and Andrew Dalhouse
Set during Storm's days leading the X-Men, circa
UNCANNY X-MEN #176.

X-23 DEADLY REVENGE #3



Cover by KALMAN ANDRASOFSZKY

By Erica Schultz, Edgar Salazar, and Carlos Lopez
Set during Laura's sabbatical from Utopia, before
X-23 #4 (2010).

